

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

VOLUME XIII. NUMBER 52

B. T. Parker

Bigs and Ashland

Sept. 1905  
William

BENJAMIN SMITH PH. D.

"THE COLOR LINE—A BRIEF FOR THE UNBORN."

Dr. W. B. Smith, the greatest scholar ever born in Kentucky, and the highest type of a moralist, in all of his personal habits that I ever knew, is now, and for many years has been professor of Mathematics in Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana.

He is something over sixty years old. He boarded in my family, in Lexington, and afterward lived with us, as our guest on the farm at "Quakerace," but through his own preference, worked with me on the farm probably enough to pay for his board.

He was a first honor graduate of the University of Kentucky, at Lexington, and went to Germany and took his Ph. D. at Gottingen.

He was one of the most thorough and most varied of any man I ever knew, among them being the finest knowledge of religion and the Bible that I ever knew. He was a thorough Infidel but, in those days, about 1872, there was so little atheism that I hardly know how he was upon that point. I was not then an atheist.

There were then 550 students at Kentucky University.

James Alan Allen, now a world-famous writer of books, was the intimate friend of Smith and myself.

Allen had not then shown himself to be the Infidel that "The Reign of

Smith's influence in religious opinion over the students was such, that Allen, as he told me, once said to McGarvey, president of the theological department of that University: "Why don't you talk to Smith about religion?" and McGarvey answered, so Allen told me, "It would take me two years of reading to be able to talk to Smith."

Since that Smith has so backed away from his Infidelity, apparently to hold his position in a University dominated by Catholic influence, that I suppose he is now more Christian than Infidel. He has sent me three books that he has written, which, though exceedingly learned, were so devoid of interest that I could only give them a cursory reading with the accent on the "curs."

I don't know that he has ever seen any of my books and the only remark I have ever heard of his making about the Blade was that I was corrupting the English language with slang.

He seems to have taken no interest in my career.

He now has in press, a book the title of which is: "The Color Line"—A brief for the Unborn. The Courier-Journal of February 25 has an outline of the book.

It seems to have been written as a warning against the miscegenation of the white and black races.

He says that there are many mattoxes born from white men and black women, but only a few born of white women and black men.

There is but little tending to miscegenation and nearly all of that is of white men and black women.

The theme of the book is quite unimportant as compared with the immense burning questions—the burning of Negroes at the stake, for instance—that are now before scholars and moralists.

The book seems to be written against the Negro, and Smith seems to have taken up the "white man's burden" almost exclusively of the Jewish circles and especially now-burnished by the Jewish religion. No one in this world would be more surprised at the hear of the creeds associated with his name than would Jesus himself.

As a God-believing Jew he held strictly to the Jewish law and proclaimed his belief that rather "heaven and earth would pass away, yet not one jot or tittle of the law would pass." It was never his intention to supplant Judaism by any other religion.

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1 issue—\$1.00.

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50 cents each. \$2.50 for five

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Five New subscribers sent one year for \$2.50.

Make all Money Orders, Drafts and Express Orders payable to the Blue Grass Blade, Lexington, Ky.

When you change your address advise this office giving your old as well as the new address.

When you send your subscription say whether you are a new or old subscriber.

Office of publication—155 W. Short St., Lexington, Kentucky.

Entered at the post office at Lexington, Ky., as Second Class Mail Matter.

Address all communications to BLUE GRASS BLADE, P. O. BOX, 393, Lexington, Kentucky.

Telephone 619. Cumberland Telephone 307.

JESUS WOULD BE REJECTED.

Dr. Levy Declares Christ's Reception Would Be Cold if He Came to Pittsburgh.

SOME HOTELS WOULD BAR HIM.

"Jesus was born. He lived and died a Jew of Jews, and it is my conviction that were He to come to day to Pittsburgh He would be rejected as a Jew, possibly denied entrance to some hotels, certainly refused the privilege of purchasing a home in certain districts and assuredly denied social equality with the same people who pray to Him as a God and adore Him as the divine example."

The above was the startling statement made by the Rev. Dr. Leonard Levy in the ninth lecture of the present course of Sunday services before the reform congregation Rodeph Shalom, Eighth street, below Penn avenue, yesterday morning, the subject being, "Primitive Christianity and Reform Judaism."

Primitive Christianity can be construed as being nothing else than the religion of the Prophets of Israel tinged, of course, by the peculiar political and social conditions prevailing in Palestine in the days of the Nazarene. The religion of Jesus is Jewish. He, himself, was not a Christian, but the Jewish son of a Jewish mother, and father, residing in Jewish circles and especially nourished by the Jewish religion. No one in this world would be more surprised at the hear of the creeds associated with his name than would Jesus himself.

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The Blue Grass Blade is one dollar a year, in advance, but in clubs of 5 it would be sent to five different addresses for one year for fifty cents each.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, MARCH 5, E. M. 305

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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Charles L. Moore  
Editor

## KENYON V. MILLER

Lawyer of Indianapolis, Ind., Claims To Have Found in Egypt, the Place Where Noah Built the Ark.

while you might suspect a Catholic priest of lying, of course we cannot imagine that a Protestant preacher would lie to boast a Catholic miracle.

Doane's account runs thus:

"I seemed," so runs the monsignor's account in the version of the senior Healy, "to be translated to a place of ineffable light and exquisite sweet music. The aspect of the scene was such as no words can describe. Entrancing strains of music filled my ears, and the air was flooded with a brilliant golden light. Although I could see no one, there seemed to be voices singing songs as I have never heard in the grandeur of heaven. I was led through that glorious land to the foot of the throne of God. I must not attempt to tell you what it was like, for it has not entered into the heart of man to imagine the glories that God has prepared for us in heaven."

It seems to be generally conceded that the place is splendidly lighted and that the music there, vocal and instrumental, is very fine. All accounts of the place agree in saying that.

But it seems like a great pity that the rector of a great Eastern cathedral—no common wild-and-woolly-west scrub, like Wilkinson—who had been accustomed to thinking and talking and talking a house for years could not find just a few words to give us some idea of the place—as, for instance, whether or not in his judgment the bricks in the streets were the real stuff, good enough to coin into our American money or whether they were the brand of gold, bricks, upon which some of our nice old Christian gentlemen in the country, advance, just for an accommodation, some thousands of dollars, taking the bricks as collateral until the gentlemen who just happened to be traveling through their country, got, in a few days, large sums of money on the way to, from New York. It

is strange to me too, that person

Donald didn't see any body, and friends to lose their faith in Christianity.

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Those who have read my "Behind the Bars,

### "SALVATION ARMY LASSIE"

Turns Infidel, and Says "Being a Christian Makes Me Tired."

She Says to Me, "Shinny on Your Own Side."

She Jumps on Poor Andy Carnegie, With Both Her Little Footy Toesies; But She is Mashed on Sister Katie Edwards and Says Katie Oughta Killed Her Old Drunken "Hubby."

Cleveland O., Feb. 19, 95.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

—For some months past I have been a reader of the B. G. Blade, and, as far as its just criticism of the Christian religion is concerned, it is all right; and I agree with it, in the main, very well, I being an Infidel.

But when I read some of the articles printed in the Blade, I just cannot hold my peace any longer, because I believe it is the betterment of the human family that should be the object of all Infidels.

Now I know that since I became an Infidel I am a better woman than when I was a Christian, and I am much more charitable and more open-minded when my mind was so narrow, as no Christians are anything but narrow minded and bigoted. I was a Salvation Army Lassie, and a very enthusiastic Christian, and, now, I am just as enthusiastic an Infidel, and the thought of ever again being a Christian makes me tired.

But I think you have said, several times, in the Blade, that you wished to do good and I have the impression that you want to be just and fair, to all humanity either Christians or unbelievers, but I think that in some instances you are very unfair, and so I am just going to give you a little tongue lashing, and as you are a marauder man you know what that means.

You keep on "harping" about the wonderful good the Infidel, Andrew Carnegie, is doing to the world.

Well, surely it is a good thing to give books for those who are too poor to buy them, but how has that same Andrew Carnegie amassed his fortune?

I lived for many years, in a district of his laborers, and his was, to say the very least, not an honored name among the laborers. He was a bad task master; always cutting men's wages to those who worked for him existed—not lived—and he, regarding the benefit of their labor, is now able to give books away.

To the field where he made his money: very few there respect him, a greedy, unjust, old slave driver, who is a disgrace to Infidelity.

Perhaps if he had given his men better wages they could have bought books and he would have less money to make his name noted.

I wish he was a devout Christian, for he is just mean enough to be that, and he is too bad to be classed among Infidels.

Well, I guess this is enough for old Carnegie, and more than he is worth, but if you wish to uplift Infidelity, don't use Andrew Carnegie as an example.

Then about Kate Edwards are also unjust. She is a Christian and a murderer, surely, but why? Poor woman, a drunkard's daughter and a drunkard's wife, beaten and kicked by the drunken old wretch, she killed to prevent him killing her. He deserved to die, and she was justified in the act. She now carries marks on her body, according to the newspapers, of his brutality.

She should have killed him years ago, that is assuming that she is of sound mind, of which there is reason to doubt, she being an epileptic.

Then as to her Christianity, she is poor and ignorant and knows no better. So don't condemn a poor ignorant creature, who is doing the best she knows, and, in the name of justice, don't blame her for his crime, and hold her up as an example of what Christians will do. We know they are dishonorable and if Kate Edwards were the only proof, then I would say that Christianity is not so bad a thing at all.

I believe every woman should kill a man who beats and kicks her, and forces her to cohabit with other men, either white or colored, and she did right. I believe you are an honest man and I respect you, but just in your criticisms, and also in your praise. The trick of blaming unjustly and of giving unmerited praise, belongs to the Christians, and not to Infidels, so please "shinny on your own side." Well, I hope you have lived through this terrible lashing, and now I want to tell you that I respect your gray hairs and old age, and I believe you wish to do good and also believe you are doing good and I like the B. G. B. and wish it success and long life, and I am surely a better woman from reading it. My father was an Infidel of years' standing, and he died about two months ago, and if any Christian ever died more peace fully, I never saw nor heard of it.

and his death bed talk were simply grand, honest, upright, fair, just, and an Infidel! I assure you that I only wish to bring Christians, who tell of the terrible death bed scenes of Infidels could see them pass.

With Mr. Moore, be fair in your paper and I have no wish to wound you, so if I have hurt your feelings, forgive me. Yours for freedom from superstition and every time for truth, and reason and justice to all.—E. W.

I believe you are a good and sensible woman, and that you have had finer opportunities to know what you are talking about than I have had, and I am not going to dispute a word you say. I wish, though, that you had given your name.

TOM LYONS

Baptist Woman Turns Infidel

Winterst, Iowa, Feb. 12, 95.

Charles C. Moore.

Editor Blue Grass Blade—I have read copies of your paper when I thought things you said were blasphemous.

This morning I cannot help but feel you preach the true gospel.

Not long since I was taking treatment of one of our doctors for rheumatism.

He said some things which to me, sounded irreligious.

I asked him if he prayed for me to get well.

He said "No it's no use to pray, I will work and try to do my part but there is no God that would pay any attention if I did pray."

I left the office debating in my own mind about going back.

Although that I feeling that I was doing wrong, I continued treatment and I got well.

For the past three weeks, at our Baptist church here, there has been held a revival, which is spoken of as the most successful meeting held here for some time. Last night about half past one, the church was discovered to be burning.

The fire was under such headway that it could not be checked, and, this morning, only the damaged walls remain.

I cannot understand this. I did not go to church, today, and am writing to you instead.

I cannot understand how the ministers at other churches will pray to God to bless and help those who have been so unfortunate as to lose their house of worship.

I cannot help feeling that if there is a God, who pays any attention to our affairs, he would have moved some one to discover the fire in time to content with being in hell yourself.

Lincoln emancipated Mr. Nig and gave him a soul according to the Dago and Irish rules. The other religious denominations are as follows among the slaves, but for the Dago priests they were more animals.

At that time poor Nig made no money for himself, and could not pay for the holy dough, and he had to stop eating.

Now he has got a soul through Lincoln's proclamation, he gets a first-class holy dough ticket, while Lincoln, who gave him the soul, will be content with being in hell yourself.

Ingersoll, Garfield, Grant, Rousseau, Zola and Voltaire, and all the good heretics, who would not apply for a holy dough ticket.—ALBERT LAWRENCE.

West of the church, just across the street, is a lumber yard which we have been wanting removed because it is too near the church and the center of business. The church was one of the best in the city, and had recently been repainted and generally repaired.

About 25 feet east of the church is an old frame building, for some time, has been an eye-sore. The bystanders said it would have to go because one of the chimneys of the church would fall upon it, but the chimney fell inside of the church and the old frame building is uninjured by being protected by a deep layer of snow on the roof.

The lumber men can continue to do business at the old stand because they got in before the present city ordinance was passed.

If the lumber men had burned out last night and the church had been destroyed, minister in town would have said the Lord ordered it, and that to show his special favor, he chose the most favorable time when the good meetings were going on in the church, and while the church was protected by a mantle of snow.

But this church is in ruins while the objectionable places about it are uninjured.

I can only conclude that the doctor who cured my rheumatism was right when he said that we are under certain existing laws, and that, when conditions are right, under the operation of those laws, a church will burn as quick as a saloon, hence there can be no such thing as a Provenental interference.

Yours truly,

MRS. ——

I wish you had signed your name. There is not a mistake of any kind in your letter.

Now let me tell you one that beats yours.

I am nearly 70 years and feel like I can recollect Lexington for about 100 years. I never heard of but three houses in the town that were struck by lightning.

The first one was the Limehouse street Catholic church—burnt all the steeple off and same near burning up a big Catholic convent.

The next was a house that belonged to W. B. Emma, one of the Camp-

beite pidders that turned me out of that church after I had turned myself out.

The next one was the Walnut street Campbellite church, the finest church in Lexington. The church is all of heavy stone. The next house to that church was Tom Lyon's drinking saloon, a neat little frame house, and all those rich Campbellites just raised hell in trying to raise Tom out of that saloon, but they could not do it worth a cent because Tom was there before the church was there.

The lightning never touched a single splinter on Tom's saloon. Tom was the only saloon keeper in Lexington that ever took the Blue Grass Blade. He was an Irish Catholic. He never would pay any body but me, personally, and always paid me a silver dollar, calling me in as I passed by, and he always gave me as much cider as I could drink.

Tom died three weeks ago, aged 75 and his estate was appraised at \$300,000.

THE "NAGER" AND THE "DOUGH."

Valjeo, Calif.—I was highly amused in your last issue about that step-father, Hannigan, giving that negro murderer a holy dough ticket to beatiful heaven.

They want black murderers also.

That nigger didn't give his victim time to look for a step-father Hannigan to give her a heavenly dough ticket, but sent her so that she couldn't go even by the brake-beam route. The easiest way to get to the Catholic heaven is to kill some fellow creature. The murderer gets all the services of the priests that he wants, and a free ride with a whole compartment to himself as soon as he is jerked to Jesus from the gallows. C. can't make any mistake, the fellow has the mark of the rope around his neck. "Fo de wah" when the nigg was a slave, the Dago church didn't want him, at any price, as, at that time, he had no soul.

Lincoln emancipated Mr. Nig and gave him a soul according to the Dago and Irish rules. The other religious denominations are as follows among the slaves, but for the Dago priests they were more animals.

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Now he has

#### U. G. WILKINSON,

The Campbellite Preacher With Whom I Debated, "Replies to an Infidel."

In "The Firm Foundation," a Campbellite Paper.

I have received "The Firm Foundation" of Austin, Texas, Feb. 14, 1905. It is Vol. 21, No. 7. Its editor is G. W. Savage, a name not entirely inapposite as you will notice after reading the paper a little.

Mechanically the paper is good enough.

It seems to have nothing in it but squabbling and wrangling and disputing and bulldozing other Christian sects, excepting in one instance where that same kind of tactics is used toward an infidel named D. L. Pardue, by the infidel U. G. Wilkinson, the man with whom I debated at Ryan, Indian Territory. I scanned over the paper and did not find in a single instance in which any virtue is inculcated or any vice reproved. I thought once I had found some moral advice and started to read it.

It was against over-eating—a great and common fault. The piece turned out to be some kind of a patent medicine advertisement.

I have been writing for newspapers ever since 1857, and I do not remember ever to have seen a more thoroughly worthless newspaper than "The Firm Foundation," or one better calculated to stir up hate and malice among people. The piece I quote from is made to read "to an Infidel." The heading is inaccurate, as it is an Infidel himself, who in talking, but Wilkinson is so self-centered that he ignores any courtesy to his opponent, and makes the heading to allude exclusively to himself, or the Savage editor does this, for Wilkinson.

I gather, from the discussion that the Infidel, D. L. Pardue, was at the Wilkinson-Moore debate.

Wilkinson has written three times as much space in the paper as Pardue has. Pardue is not on, a modest man, but is really more so than is necessary, and Wilkinson is a domineering, blustering bully. Pardue says:

"You and I agreed to carry on this correspondence in a gentlemanly manner and call each other no hard names, and I am going to comply with the same. I know I am uneducated, but I am not to blame for that, and I am not to blame for being a fool. That is my argument and does not prove anything. You said that I am carelessly or willfully misrepresented the Bible. I gave you a summary just as they are, and asked you which was true."

Pardue underestimates himself just as much as Wilkinson overstates himself.

Pardue goes on to show some of the various discrepancies that exist in the Bible and that are recognized as discrepancies by the most competent of Biblical writers.

In my debate with Wilkinson, to the best of my recollection and belief, the following occurred:

Wilkinson said there were no discrepancies in the Bible, and he argued the infallibility of the Bible from the fact that there were no contradictions of itself. I argued that there were discrepancies in the Bible, and said that some Christian authorities had strenuously contended that there were discrepancies in the Bible, and that these persons had used the discrepancies, in the gospel, between the four gospel writers, to show that the gospel writers did not write in collusion and that their testimony was, therefore, more credible than if they had all harmonized—that it was claimed that the discrepancies were about minor matters while they harmonized in all essential particulars.

Wilkinson at once accepted that view of the matter, and argued that there were no discrepancies in the Bible to show that they all wrote by inspiration, and at the same time, agreed that there were discrepancies in the Bible showing that the writers of the Bible did not write in collusion. Pardue takes it, in substance, the plain Bible statement that nobody had ever seen God and the equally plain statement that Moses had seen him and talked to him, and like a plain, sensible man argued that the statements conflict as any one of average intelligence can see. The following are specimens of the style in which Wilkinson talks to Pardue:

Repy.—Mr. Pardue: You appear to insinuate that I am not carrying on this correspondence in a gentlemanly manner. I suppose, however, that the readers will be the judges of that. But I must insist that the man's head is wrong who can find even the semblance of a contradiction in the passages cited. See Gen. 1:25 and 2:19, with their connections. You say they contradict, but any one can read them for themselves and see that they do not, and this is a sufficient refutation of your argument.

So you were either inexorably careless or ignorant, or you misrepresented them or else you did it willfully, and so you would be supposed to spread further stories on them.

Do you consider what you think about it any argument? Such pernicious reasoning sounds silly. I dislike to be severe, but I have little patience with him who would attack the book of God, which is the very essence of the wisdom of the ages, and has no better reason for his puny attacks. It is like attacking Gibraltar with feathers. It is revolting to common sense.

(He spelled it "Gibraltar")

If Wilkinson simply claimed to be meeting Pardue as man and man, it would not be so flagrant. But Wilkinson claims that he is a follower of the "meek and lowly"—one with a big O—and that his religion makes of him a man who "suffereth long and is kind, eveneth not, vaunteth not himself, is not puffed up; doth not behave himself unseemly, seeketh not his own, is not easily provoked, rejoiceth that iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth beareth all things, beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things" (1 Cor. XIII, 4-7) while the poor miserable Infidel, like Pardue and me, is just the opposite of all these nice things. Then here are some other specimens of Wilkinson's "meek and lowly" Christian talk:

"You spoke of asking me about Luke 14:26 as we were going up the steps. I have a faint recollection of having some conversation with you about it just before going into a session of the debate. It would not be expected of me to stop at such a time and place to answer impertinent questions, as I was engaged in debate with another man, and, as I remember, it was less than twenty minutes until time for me to begin speaking. Most men at such a time require their meals, but I attended the subject handily, as you had done, and discussed the rules of common courtesy, that I could have addressed your question to some of my brethren, who were fully able to answer them, and I understand that they already answered them for you in such a manner as should have satisfied any conscientious truth-seeker."

No one is worthy of any principle who will not forsake all earthly ties for it—even father, mother, or wife. And so we have our Lord succeeded in making His language sufficiently emphatic on this occasion that here at the end of nearly two thousand years an Infidel is grinding beneath His strength. I know some Infidels who hate their father and mother, and, I think Mr. Pardue is one, while C. C. Moore is another. For they are not doing everything that they are capable of, against God and the Bible, Christ and religion, as all of their kindest friends are doing. They hold dear and sacred? As actions speak louder than words, you are hating your father, mother, etc., for Christ's sake, but on the other side, if you cannot understand this passage now, you are too stupid to be reasoned with further, and may be able to pass through on your ignorance."

It will be seen from these samples that there is not even an attempt on the part of Wilkinson to answer the objections that are made to his religion by Pardue who in a modest and fair style, tells his of those objections, but Wilkinson talks like big braggart and bulldozer and fraud and ignoramus and liar that he is. There are doubtless, Christians who are good people, despite the baneful influence of their religion, but it is impossible for any Christian of ordinary intelligence, who may read this, to fail to see the kind and gentle spirit of the Infidel Pardue and the bad spirit of the Campbellite and his followers, Wilkinson.

Give to Christian men like Wilkinson and Rucker the power that Christians once had and they will burn at the stake, to-day February 22, 1905, Infidels like Pardue and me exactly like men of their kind burned Socrates and Bruno, and Joan of Arc because they were Infidels. Wilkinson has printed that I was a gentleman as long as I was with him, but that it was because he made me so.

You see that Wilkinson makes no attempt at argument, writing to Pardue it was the same way in his "debating"—if we may so call it—with me. I have told you that Wilkinson would take positions that directly contradicted each other and use both of them to sustain his side. In his writing here to Pardue you see an instance of this kind. Pardue had quoted from Luke XIV, 26, the following, "If any man come unto me and hate not his father and mother and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

In answer to that Wilkinson says of Jesus, when he was saying that hating, as follows:

"He is using a common rhetorical figure called by linguists "hyperbole." Why do men of truth, in speaking, use hyperbole, which means exagger-

ation? For the purpose of emphasis and force."

There are more lies told by "exaggeration," and "for the purpose of emphasis and force," than from any other one cause perhaps.

It is almost impossible to find any body who will not lie from "exaggeration." Wilkinson has, of course, the right to accuse his Jesus of the very common fault of exaggeration, and that is only a matter between him and his Jesus, but Wilkinson's inconsistency affects all of us—even those of us, who do not believe in Jesus, Jesus, by his "exaggeration."

If Wilkinson simply claimed to be meeting Pardue as man and man, it would not be so flagrant. But Wilkinson claims that he is a follower of the "meek and lowly"—one with a big O—and that his religion makes of him a man who "suffereth long and is kind, eveneth not, vaunteth not himself, is not puffed up; doth not behave himself unseemly, seeketh not his own, is not easily provoked, rejoiceth that iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth beareth all things, beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things" (1 Cor. XIII, 4-7) while the poor miserable Infidel, like Pardue and me, is just the opposite of all these nice things. Then here are some other specimens of Wilkinson's "meek and lowly" Christian talk:

"You spoke of asking me about

Luke 14:26 as we were going up the steps. I have a faint recollection of having some conversation with you about it just before going into a session of the debate. It would not be expected of me to stop at such a time and place to answer impertinent questions, as I was engaged in debate with another man, and, as I remember, it was less than twenty minutes until time for me to begin speaking. Most men at such a time require their meals, but I attended the subject handily, as you had done, and discussed the rules of common courtesy, that I could have addressed your question to some of my brethren, who were fully able to answer them, and I understand that they already answered them for you in such a manner as should have satisfied any conscientious truth-seeker."

No one is worthy of any principle who will not forsake all earthly ties for it—even father, mother, or wife. And so we have our Lord succeeded in making His language sufficiently emphatic on this occasion that here at the end of nearly two thousand years an Infidel is grinding beneath His strength. I know some Infidels who hate their father and mother, and, I think Mr. Pardue is one, while C. C. Moore is another. For they are not doing everything that they are capable of, against God and the Bible, Christ and religion, as all of their kindest friends are doing. They hold dear and sacred? As actions speak louder than words, you are hating your father, mother, etc., for Christ's sake, but on the other side, if you cannot understand this passage now, you are too stupid to be reasoned with further, and may be able to pass through on your ignorance."

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This is of interest because it is the first reference to Christ and his followers, by any Roman author. It also shows the cruelty of Nero, and the hatred which the Romans bore to the new sect. Jesus was not a myth. I send Mr. Hughes \$1.00 some time since, but I have not had the date on my wrapper changed from Dec. 04, to Dec. 05, yet.—S. E. WINGER.

A man named Winger ought to have wings—and with the angels stand, a crown upon his forehead and harp within his hand.

He has been familiar with the passage that you quote from Tacitus, but since I was a college boy in 1856, and possibly longer than that.

There are three or four more passages, in the Latin classics, some

what to the same effect as the one you quote from Tacitus, but the one from Tacitus is much stronger than any of the others, and is more relied on than any of the others, by Christians in their debates with Infidels.

In Wilkinson's debate with me, he produced from profane history only two passages to prove the truth of the Christian religion. One was the famous one from Josephus, and the other was the one that you quote from Tacitus. I took them in the order in which he gave them, and made the argument that is commonly made by all competent critics of the Josephus passage, to show that the passage in Josephus is an interpolated forgery.

He is using a common rhetorical figure called by linguists "hyperbole."

Why do men of truth, in speaking, use hyperbole, which means exagger-

ation? For the purpose of emphasis and force."

There are more lies told by "exaggeration," and "for the purpose of emphasis and force," than from any other one cause perhaps.

It is almost impossible to find any body who will not lie from "exaggeration."

Wilkinson is also a lawyer and he

seems to think that he has a right to

say anything, true, or false, for his

religion, and that is the other fel-

low's job to detect him.

When W. got through reading the passage from Tacitus that you quote, I picked up, with his permission, the same copy of Tacitus that I read from. I made up an argument that did not seem to prove the Christian religion so plain that all the people who were competent to appreciate such an argument seemed to view it just as I did, and W. did not offer to present any of the other quotations from the Latin classics that are common in such discussions.

I will, therefore, make, in substance the same reply to you that I did to Wilkinson. Tacitus, the historian, lived A. D. 75-120.

Nero, so Tacitus says, was charged with having burned Rome, and Tacitus says that Nero in order to shift the responsibility of it off of himself, charged it upon the Christians. These Christians got their name from Christ who had been punished under Pontius Pilate. That is the whole story—now what if? If you read "Dog Fennel in the Orient" you will read my plain statement that I went upon Mt. Calvary, where Jesus, who is also called Christ, and commonly called Jesus Christ—Jesus being the Latin form of his name and his real Hebrew name probably being Joshua—and stood where I then believed, and still believe, within 10 feet of the spot where Jesus was crucified, and the tears came into my eyes because I was alone and homesick, and an emotional, and because I was touched with sorrow for the crucified man.

I then went down to the foot of the small mountain and went into the town, and there I sat in that garden, and I stood inside of the hedged out court and looked down into the valley which I then believed, and still strongly believe, was the grave in which Jesus Christ, from whom the Christians got their name, to-day, was laid.

It is almost as easy, being there on the ground, and knowing history, ascribed and profane, to believe and understand that Jesus was crucified upon that mountain, called it, and now, Calvary, and to believe that he was buried in that grave, that belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, who lived at Ramle, and whose town I have seen as to understand and to-day, the place shown by the Catholics, for money, in the church of the Holy Sepulcher, and that Jesus was not crucified inside of that church, as the leading Christians of the world say he was.

The fraud is just as patent as the fraud in rags and bones that Catholics exhibit to day. I respect all that I have heard said about the crucifixion and burial of Jesus, and do it with

confidence.

I was being examined for jury

service in Lexington, to-day. I be-

lieve I would hardly say that I have

a "reasonable doubt" of the accuracy

of the truth of the death and burial—or possibly only apparent death—of Jesus Christ, as I have given it.

But, certainly you would not call me a Christian for I do not believe that a miracle ever did happen, or ever will happen, and therefore do not believe in any of the miraculous stories told about Jesus, and so far from believing that he was a son of a god any more than I am, I do not believe that there is any god, and do not believe that either of the Jewish parents of Jesus were nearly as intelligent, as my two Saxon parents.

Jesus Christ was crucified by a fatal

error within the Roman law, that we

are to the truth of the Christian religion

as to that for it.

The testimony, then, of Tacitus, as to the truth of the Christian religion is certainly against that religion rather than for it.

SAYS I AM LIKE

## PRICE LIST

### MEN'S NEW MODEL 16 SIZE

## WATCHES

HAMPDEN: "No. 104," 23 jewels, \$32; "105," 23 jewels, \$26; "Wm. Kinley," 21 jewels, \$23; same, 17 jewels, \$12; "General Stark," 17 jewels, \$10; 15 jewels, \$8; 7 jewels, \$5.50.

WALTHAM: "Riverside Maximus," 23 jewels, \$60; "Vanguard," 23 jewels, \$55; "Riverside," 21 jewels, \$45; "Elgin," 21 jewels, \$25; "243" or "446," 17 jewels, \$22; "442," 17 jewels, \$18; "15," 15 jewels, \$8.50; 7 jewels, \$6.

CASES: All the above in the new Model, thin Silverine Screw Cases. In Faby's, Crown or Deuber filled god screw case, guaranteed by manufacturer for 20 years, artistic hand chased or plain, \$3.00 more; hunting, \$5.00 more. In 25 year case, \$2.00 more than in 20 year case. In cases guaranteed for all time, screw, \$5.00, or hunting, \$10.00 more in Silverine case. Prices of solid gold cases on application.

Every watch guaranteed fresh and new from factory (no "shape-keepers"), an accurate time-keeper and if well used, good for fifty years or longer. Will be kept in order for one year. Beware of "Special" movements and cases made nobody knows where, and which you cannot price intelligently and buy everywhere. Also of die-work (stamped) "engraved" cases—they are a fraud. Those listed above are known to be the best watches made, and—if watch is new and perfect—you are safe to buy them where price is lowest. I pay freight.

### LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.

Large (6) size Elgin, Waltham or Hampden. 20 year gold filled latest style, artistic hand-chased, 7 jewels, \$10; 15 jewels, \$12.50; 16 jewels, adj., \$17. Small (o) size 7 jewels, \$11.50; 15 jewels, \$15; 16 jewels, adj., \$18. "Riverside" extra fine, \$26. In 25 year case, \$1 more. In 14k solid gold case, \$10 to \$50 more. Latter with diamonds, all in plain box, packed with guarantee.

### CHAINS.

Long Guards, latest style, soldered links, opals or other sets in elites, rolled pointed, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Best Filled Gold, \$2.50, \$3 and \$4. Extra heavy, \$5. Solid Gold, \$8, \$10, \$10 and \$25. Gents' Chains, same variety. Orders filled from any catalogue at same price or less. Cash refunded at option.

### DIAMONDS, PEARLS, OPALS, ETC.

I am an expert in this line and will save you 20 per cent if you will order of me.

Send for price list of Jewelry, Freehand Badges, Rings, Silver and Plated Ware, Optical Goods and My Tract, "Theism in the Crucifix," free.

## OTTO WETTSTEIN

110 N. KENSINGTON AVENUE

LA GRANGE, ILL.

Dowie and Mrs. Eddy are still living. All intelligent people know that these three people were either frauds or crazy. In a few hundred years from now, if these three people still have followers, the three people will be myths from the view points of their followers, and historical characters from the view points of intelligent people.

Jesus Christ almost certainly lived. He was almost certainly a fraud or deluded—possibly crazy. From the Christians angle of vision, with all the miracles attached to him, he is merely a "myth," but as an intelligent historian he was an actual character, as he was here given it.

I was being examined for jury service in Lexington, to-day. I believe I would hardly say that I have a "reasonable doubt" of the accuracy of the truth of the death and burial—or possibly only apparent death—of Jesus Christ, as I have given it.

But, certainly you would not call me a Christian for I do not believe that a miracle ever did happen, or ever will happen, and therefore do not believe in any of the miraculous stories told about Jesus, and so far from believing that he was a son of a god any more than I am, I do not believe that there is any god, and do not believe that either of the Jewish parents of Jesus were nearly as intelligent as my two Saxon parents.

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WENDELL PHILLIPS

Ada, Ohio, Feb. 15, 1905.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear old friend—I send check for \$100 for renewal for B. G. B. I have been taking your paper ever since the Christians put you in jail in Paris, Ky.

I saw a notice in the Boston Investigator, that you were being persecuted for your religious opinions, and I sent 25 cents for a copy of the Blade, and then I sent \$1.00 for a bundle of Blades, and distributed them among my friends, and some of them are still taking your paper and paying for it.

Oh, yes, Brother Moore, if there ever was a martyr you are one just as much as Wendell Phillips, in Boston, was a martyr to the Abolition party.

The Christian preachers have made thousands of investigators by their persecution of you, and, as soon as you can get an intelligent person to investigate, he, or she, is sure to quit the church and the worship of images and idols and old bones, or hear the old coats of C. J. of Holy Nit.

Yes, Brother Moore, you and I have lived in a period of wonderful revolution of thought. We have seen, and

Sir—

I have been a reader of your paper for 8 or 10 years, and, on the whole I have found it the most interesting, and instructive reading that I have ever found any where, and I will be 71 years old on the first day of March 1905, and I have read a good deal. Some years ago when I received our boys for reading novels, my wife said, "It's no worse to read novels than to read that old Infidel Blade that you read."

Now my wife says when she gets pay for the crocheted work, she will help to pay for the Blade another year. I mention this to show what effect the reading of the Blade has on honest and reasonable and intelligent people.

I shall renew my subscription when I get my pension money in April next.

Print this if you think it worthy.—ISAAC CONNER.

Forest City, Iowa, Feb. 16, 1905.

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Sir—I have been a reader of your paper for 8 or 10 years, and, on the whole I have found it the most interesting, and instructive reading that I have ever found any where, and I will be 71 years old on the first day of March 1905, and I have read a good deal. Some years ago when I received our boys for reading novels, my wife said, "It's no worse to read novels than to read that old Infidel Blade that you read."

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**WALTER COLLINS**

Tells of the Revival in California.  
Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 7th, 65.

Editor Blake.

On the battlefield of the saints and sinners, the ground is covered with the blood of Jesus and hell do be a poppin' sure, the spirit of the Holy Ghost is ripping up the back, this garden of Eden, the flaming sword has slipped its governor belt and is cutting and slashing like the wrath of an angry God. All the children and colored people have been converted; all the women have confessed Christ, and other sins; all the men are pent and prayerful;—according to the papers, whose information comes direct from the revivalists themselves, so there can be no doubt of its accuracy. Having everything from the womb infant to the dying shun, it would seem that the world is lost, the innocent still goes on, like the divine death of the Egyptian cattle.

To make sure of a good thing like salvation or death,—repeat it. These frenzied fakers are actually trying to convert one another. One of the best known evangelists in America, who is now in this city, but who gave his orthodoxy a public burial years ago, and has since devoted his energies toward the betterment of his fellowmen here and now, was recently made the objective for a concentrated onslaught of the score or more of Christ cranks. The monster, like David of old, met them single handed in their own stronghold and behind closed doors, the contest lasted two hours and the fed preachers in the west, with the help of Almighty God, in a battle that took place in the castellated Joss house in California, surrounded by all of the extravagance that money could buy, had failed to move the little heretic from his religion of humanity, to a belief in a personal God or the need of a savior. The man's name is known to every thinker in the United States with the possible exception of editor Moore. The ex-Rev. B. Fay Mills, enclose the press reports of his defense of his views, which may interest the readers of the Blade.

The revivalists have set apart Tuesday, February 14th, for a day of prayer and other impudence. By that time, if the flow of the grace of God is not interrupted, the entire city will have been converted the second time.

Minister Chapman announces that it will be a dry day remembered till eternity—that's a long time. Our city council has yielded to their pernicious eloquence and given them the day to work upon the redemption of our notoriously rotten city officials,—the honorable (?) council not excepted. If they accomplish anything towards lessening the corruption here tofore existing; the day will surely be remembered till eternity.

I haven't noticed that the saloons or race track will be closed that day, but if God really wishes it, it will be done. Drug stores, barber shops, milk wagons, theatres and other damnable outrages on the community are to be closed on Sunday, so that there will be no interference with God's work. As our friend Severance puts it, "Everything shall be closed on Sunday, but the preacher's mouths and the contribution box."

Well, the revival has been a great success (?) The town has been converted, but to a stranger looking over the fence, he "wouldn't hardly notice it at all." It reads like a page of sacred history in the good old days of the first dispensation, when Jehovah in his overflowing love, ordered Gen Joshua to sweep down upon a defenseless city of mud huts with a population of perhaps a couple of hundred, and the Lord delivered it into the hands of the Israelites and smote it with the edge of the sword, and slew them with great slaughter, and destroyed every living thing therein and let none remain. And there fell that day before Israel forty and two thousand men, besides the women and the children, who were not numbered. But if ever occurs to you Bible reader, that there were more people slain in the little, sparsely settled, rock strewn hole (?) land than existed at that time on the face of the globe? But of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

The action of our daily papers is decidedly amusing, but not new. Our great religious daily, the notorious Los Angeles Times, the uncompromising enemy of labor and laboring men, and the ally and defender of every ring and clique that has flourished in our city with long coated solicitors, giving a bible with each subscription. The examiner, the rival of the Times, is our local exponent of sensationalism and is making its peace with God by issuing a special revival edition each day. The first two pages are devoted to dramatic illustrations of the advertisements of the book-makers, clockers and pool sellers of the race track fraternity. This boasting Christ on one page and sports on another is really funny, but its heads I win, and tails you lose.

I despise men. American males

in the tidal wave of emotion and hypocrisy that is now sweeping over us, there occasionally comes to light a little detail of true Christian character. The Rev. Chas. E. Bentley of Lincoln, Nebraska, after supper following the day of his arrival in this city, told his wife he would visit the Salvation Army and see "what was doing." At 8 p. m., within a half block of the Army headquarters, he, with a veiled female companion, engaged a room in a questionable lodging house and while the landlady was getting a light, fell over dead. His companion died.

His grief stricken wife thinks he was entangled in a plot for robbery, or that the mysterious woman was a good Samaritan, who seeing he was ill took him to the room to relieve his distress. But some doubt it, however plausible it may seem to the faithful. Why do people talk and ascribe unworthy motives to the holy men of God? It is plain enough to the pure in heart that he took her to the room to pray with her as secret as the Bible says he should. **WALTER COLLINS.**

**A NEW MARY MAC LANE**

Eggle, Ky., Jan. 65.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear sir—I enclose two clippings from the Cincinnati Post. One of recent date concerning Miss Lola Gordon, or Mary Mac Lane, No. 2.

You were much interested in Mary Mac Lane, and you may get struck by the picture and sayings of this one, for it's nothing new for preachers to get mixed up with these strange Marys.

Miss Lola will not tell her real name, and I imagine it's Mary, for her picture looks like a picture of one of them we used about.

Such characters may be all right in religion, but Freethought means men and women of firmness, discernment, decision and courage to express and defend their honest convictions. The other clipping alluded to our party name, you have fixed that all right now.

But in leaving off a political party in eliminating all policies from the Blad.

But it is not a bad extreme. The Blad should certainly profit by past experience and be conservative in policies.

Let politicians quarrel over politics, and let preachers quarrel over theology, but the Blad stick to its business of making Freethinkers, like many other frostbitten paper men, the needed reforms in church and state are just as sure to follow as humanity con'science to inhabit the earth.

There is no doubt about the great work that Freethought papers and books are doing.

I personally know of considerable work that has been done by the Blad and Paine's Age of Reason.

Men who were once zealous Christians are now avowed Infidels.

Don't be afraid to quote scripture in the Blad, to show the errors in the Bible.

Some old rich selfish Infidel may not like it, but remember you are continually adding new subscribers. Many of them being Christians. This also means other new readers.

Don't be afraid to write to the Blad, to show the errors in the Bible.

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